

Ray lived in New York. He was born there and had many friends. Then one day Dad said that they would have to move away. He worked in a factory, and the factory had closed. Dad had found a new job. Now they had to move.

Ray was sad. He did not want to leave his school. He did not want to leave his friends.

"I am sorry, son," said Dad.

"It is OK," said Ray with a smile. He did not want Dad to feel bad.

They packed up the car and moved to a new state. Their new house was old and scary. Ray wondered if ghosts lived in the house. The house was big and dark. The front of the house was covered by trees. Even the trees looked scary. The blowing breeze made them look alive.

Inside, the house was dark, so Dad fixed the lights and turned them on. Then they unpacked the car and Ray went up to his new room. The walls were cracked. Dad would paint them. Ray was afraid to open the closet. He would do it later.

Ray went down to the kitchen. Mom was making dinner. She had fried chicken and potatoes cooking because these were Ray's favorites.

After dinner Ray felt sleepy, so he went to his room to go to sleep. "Good night!" he called down to Mom and Dad.

"Sweet dreams," they said back.

Ray got into bed and turned out the light. He began to fall asleep. Then he heard a loud noise. It came from the closet. Ray pulled the covers around his head. He wanted to call out to Mom and Dad but he

was too afraid. He knew it was a ghost or a monster.

Then he wanted to get out of his bed and run down the hall. He was afraid to do that because there might be a ghost under his bed. It might grab his feet.

Ray tried to stay awake but soon fell asleep. Then he woke up and it was morning. He looked at his arms and legs. They had not been eaten off by a ghost.

Ray went to tell his parents about the ghost. "I will stay up all night tonight. I will catch the ghost. He does not scare me!" said Ray.

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